Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!
Fa. Death that hath tane her hẽce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.
Par. Haue I thought loue to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw,
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.
Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.
Fat. Deſpiſde diſtreſſed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camſt thou now,
To murther, murther, our ſolemnitie?
O childe, O childe, my ſoule and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions care liues not,
In theſe confuſions heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen ſhe ſhould be aduanſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it ſelfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhees beſt married, that dies married young.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtick your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to black Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad buriall feaſt:
Our ſolemne himnes to ſullen dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Muſi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt good fellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.
Fid. I my my troath, the caſe may be amended.